

DEATH OF WOLVERINE®

THE LOGAN LEGACY™



MARVEL

BENNETT
DOE

004

DEATH OF WOLVERINE

**AFTER THE SAGA OF ANA CORTES,
THE MIND OF LADY DEATHSTRIKE
FOUND A HAVEN IN THE BODY OF
HER FRIEND REIKO. THOUGH SHE
JUST REGAINED HER LIFE, YURIKO
OYAMA LEARNED THAT WOLVERINE,
THE MAN SHE WAS DESTINED TO KILL,
WAS DEAD--AND NOT BY HER HAND.
HER FAILURE AND DISGRACE
ARE ETERNAL.**

**FREE AT LAST, LADY DEATHSTRIKE
UNLEASHED HER RAGE...**

**MARGUERITE
BENNETT
WRITER**

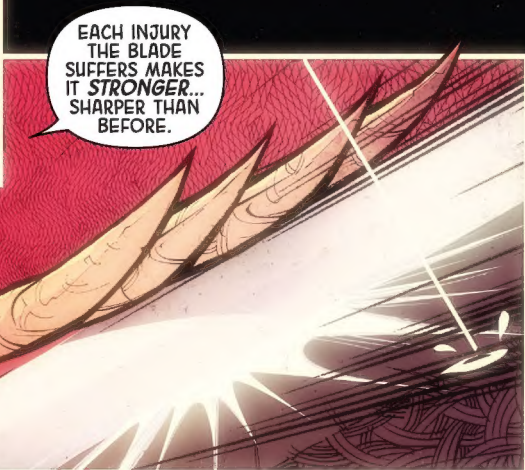
**JUAN DOE
ARTIST/COLORIST/
COVER ARTIST**

**VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA
LETTERER**

**KATIE KUBERT & MIKE MARTS EDITORS
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER**



DO YOU
KNOW WHAT A
WHETSTONE
DOES TO A
SWORD?

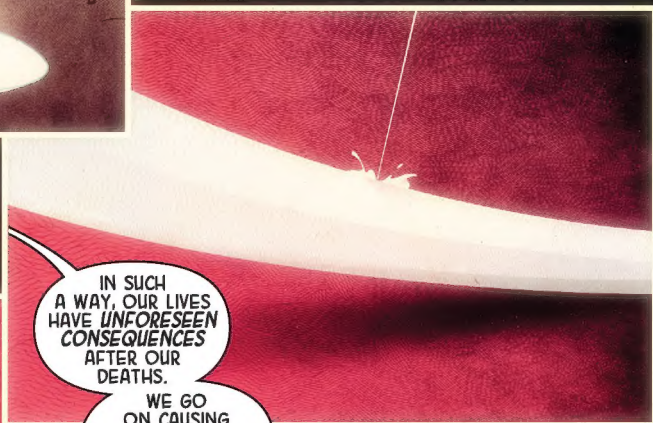


EACH INJURY
THE BLADE
SUFFERS MAKES
IT **STRONGER**...
SHARPER THAN
BEFORE.



SWORD
MAKERS TELL STORIES
OF A BLADE SO VERY
FINE, SO VERY SHARP,
THAT ITS EDGE CANNOT
BE SEEN BY THE
HUMAN EYE...

...ITS POWER
EXTENDS BEYOND
ITS RIGHTFUL
BORDERS.

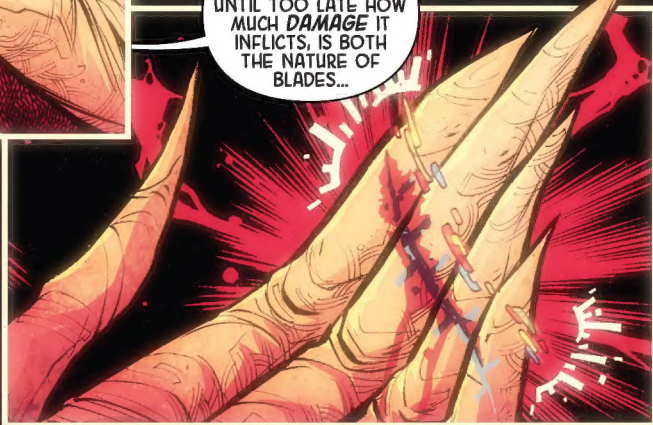


IN SUCH
A WAY, OUR LIVES
HAVE **UNFORESEEN**
CONSEQUENCES
AFTER OUR
DEATHS.

WE GO
ON CAUSING
HARM, EVEN AFTER
OUR OWN SPACE
AND TIME HAVE
FINISHED.



TO USE
SUCH A WEAPON,
AND TO NOT KNOW
UNTIL TOO LATE HOW
MUCH DAMAGE IT
INFLECTS, IS BOTH
THE NATURE OF
BLADES...



TOKYO, JAPAN.
A GAMBLING DEN OF
THE SHUKUYAMA-KAI...

...AND OF
LEGACY.



**KABUKICHI.
SHINJUKU
DISTRICT,
TOKYO.
ONE HOUR AGO...**

THE OLD MAN IS
DEAD, THEY SAY.

THEY WHISPER IT IN WINESINKS
AND WHOREHOUSES, IN STEWS
AND SLUMS, IN DENS OF NEEDLE
AND SMOKE AND SPOON.

THE OLD MAN
IS DEAD.

THEY CLINK PERSPIRING
GLASSES IN GOLDEN
LOUNGES AND MARBLE HALLS,
IN PENTHOUSES AND PRIVATE
PLANES, IN BACKROOMS AND
BALLROOMS AND BOARD-
ROOMS AND BEDROOMS.

THE OLD MAN
IS DEAD...

**THE GAMBLING DEN
KNOWN AS 刺.**

...HE DIED SAVING MY LIFE--
OR HIS DYING SAVED MY LIFE,
PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY.

HIS DEATH STRIPPED THE
TARGET FROM MY CHEST--

--HE WHO MOCKED OUR HONOR, HE
WHO CARRIED UPON HIS BONES THE
DIVINE ALLOY THAT WAS STOLEN
FROM MY FATHER AND MY CLAN.

I HAVE NO PITY FOR HIM,
BUT RITUAL AND TRADITION
MUST BE MAINTAINED.

WITHIN HOURS OF HIS DEATH, HIS VAULTS
WERE SACKED. SOMETHING...SACRED
TAKEN, OF WHICH THE OLD MAN WAS
ONCE GUARDIAN.

I KNEW THE MARKS ON THE
SCAVENGERS. LIKE THE STAMP
OF A MAKER ON A BLADE.

AND I CAME TO
RECLAIM IT. TO
CANCEL MY DEBT.



I WAGER...
THE HONOR
BLADE OF CLAN
YASHIDA!



THE HONOR
BLADE IS SAID TO
HAVE BEEN FORGED
BY THE SWORD
MAKER MASUMUNE,
WHO PUT A SLIVER
OF HIS SOUL INTO
EACH WEAPON
HE MADE.



THE SWORD IS THE
VERY ESSENCE OF
THE YASHIDA CLAN,
AND ONLY THE
WORTHY MAY
WIELD IT.



WOLVERINE
WAS ITS
CUSTODIAN
AND CHAMPION,
ONCE.

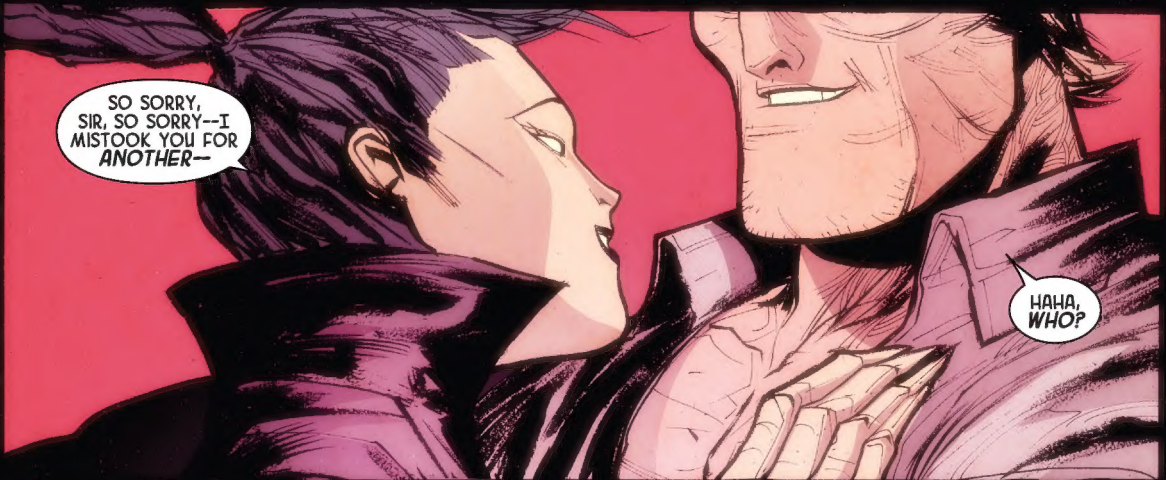
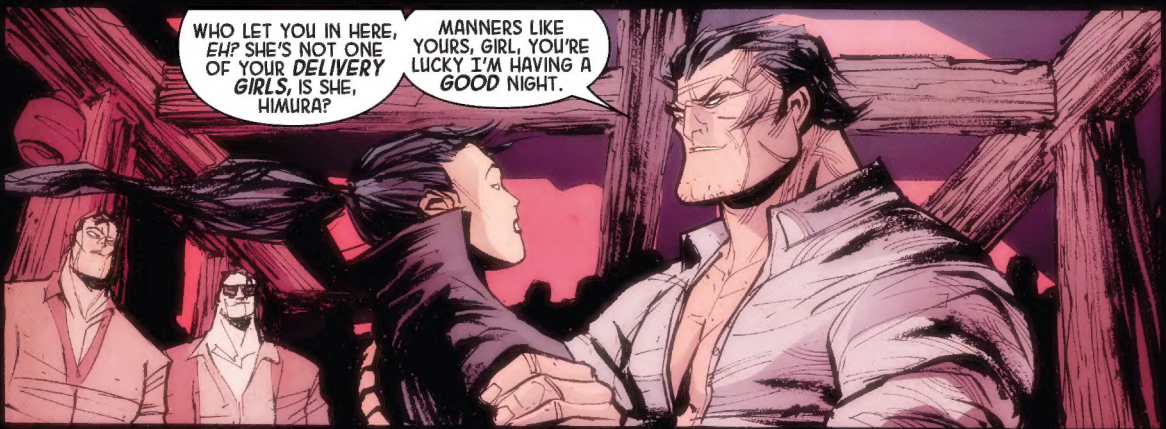


THE HONOR
BLADE OF CLAN
YASHIDA IS NOT A
TOY TO BE GAMBLED
AWAY BY YAKUZA
VULTURES!



GIVE
ME THE
SWORD.







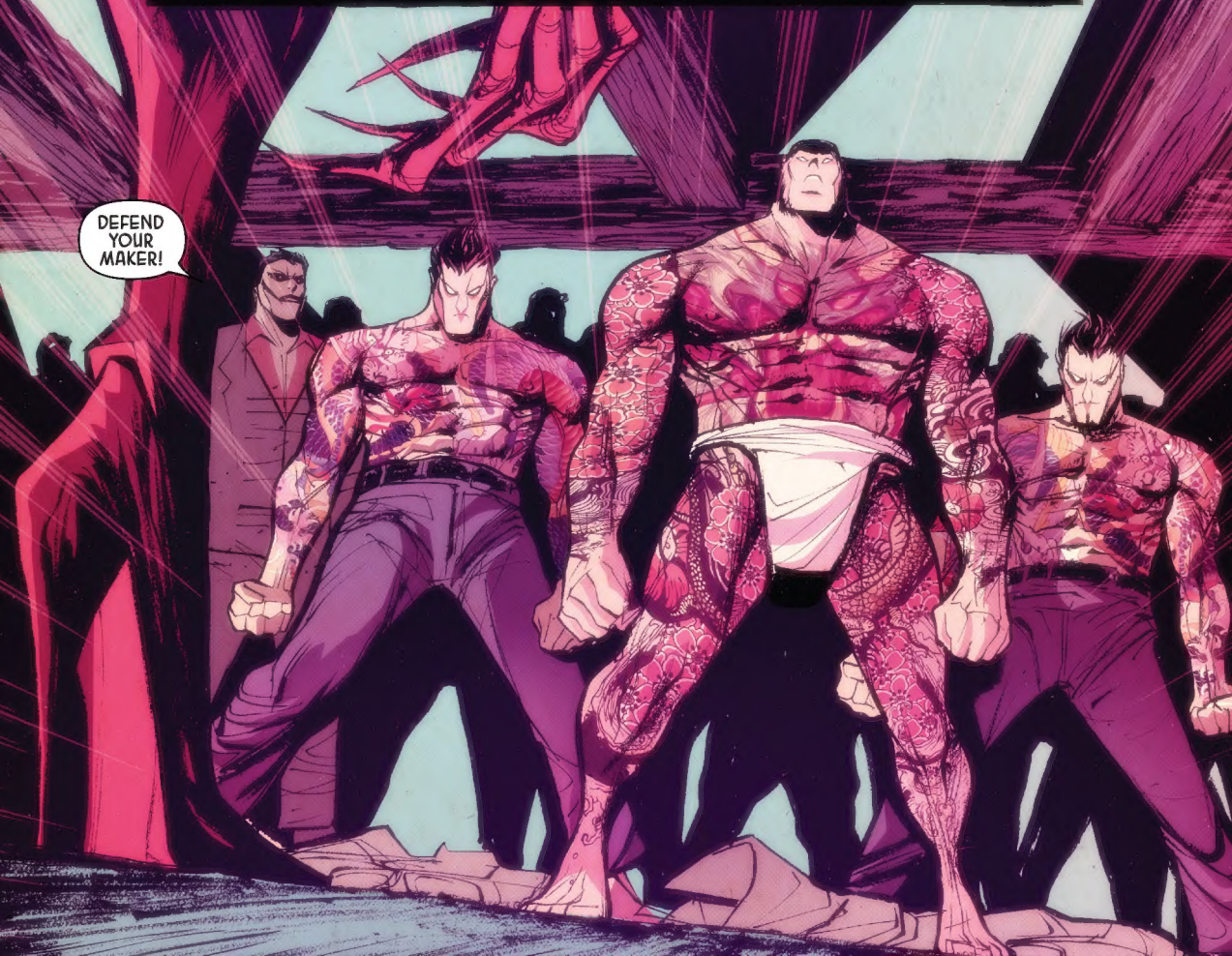
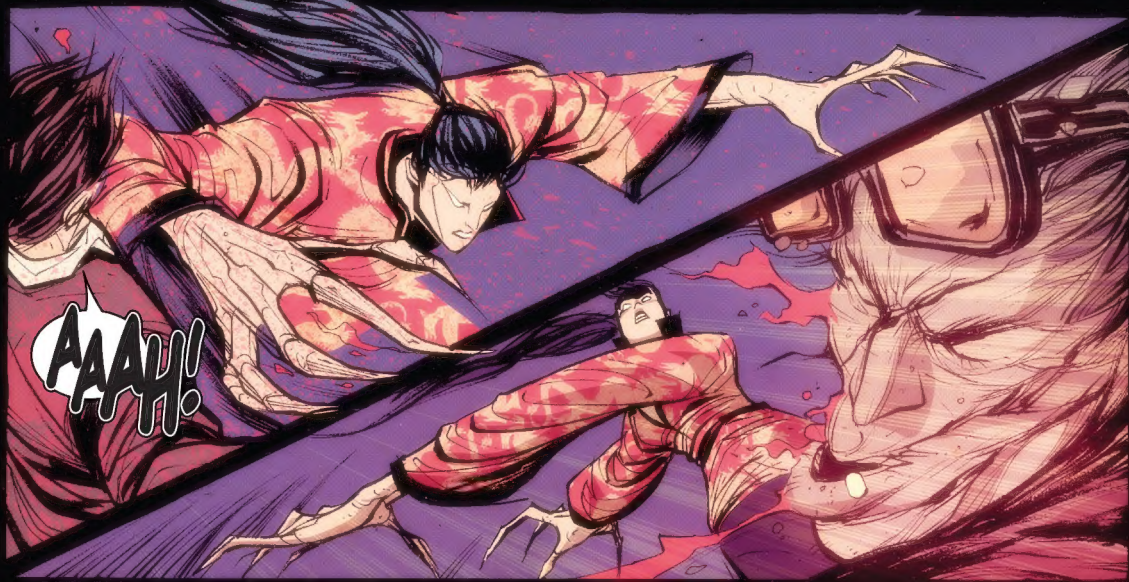
A DEAD
MAN.

AND BY THE GRACE OF THE
NANITE TECH IN MY BODY,
IN MY BLOOD...

YOU
WILL KNOW
ME AS...

...LADY
DEATHSTRIKE.





THE CHARACTERS OVER
THE DOOR--刺青--MEAN
IREZUMI...THE TATTOOS
OF THE YAKUZA BEAR.

I TOOK IT FOR A BOAST,
THAT THIS PLACE WAS
JUST A YAZUKA BAR...

...ONCE IN A
WHILE, IT'S FUN
TO BE **WRONG**.

THIS IS NOT
MAGIC...HIMURA,
YOU TATTOOED
YOUR THUGS WITH
NANITE INK!



WRONG,
WOMAN!
WE ARE
IREZUMI—



—THE
HOSTS DO NOT
WIELD US LIKE
WEAPONS...
INSTEAD,
WE WEAR
THEM.

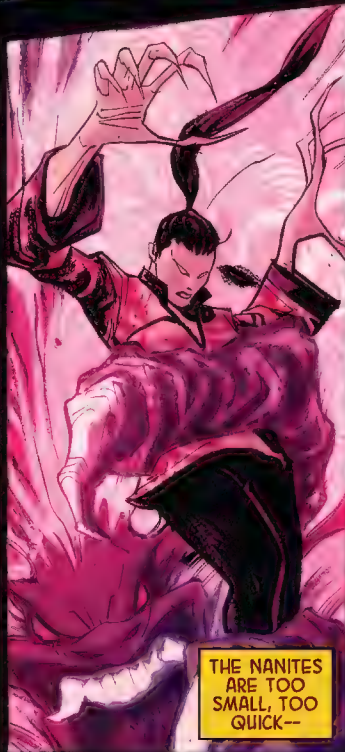


ZZZZZ!

AGH!



THE NANITES
ARE TOO
SMALL, TOO
QUICK—



CRUNCH



OH, REIKO AND
YOUR BODY
MODIFICATIONS...

...NANITE TECH
IS A BLESSING
AND A CURSE.





YES...OH,
YES, IT IS.



YOU ARE NOT
TATTOOED UPON
THESE MEN,
IREZUMI...

SHNNK



...THEY ARE
BUT HOSTS FOR
YOUR RAGE.

ZZZZZZ



KKKKRRRRK!



ONCE I WOULD'VE
SAID WE ARE ONLY
AS STRONG AS
OUR WEAPONS...



HWA
AA
AA
AA

...YET STILL
WE KNOW...



...SOME WOUNDS
GO DEEPER THAN
THE BLADE THAT
MADE THEM.

NOW.

THAT IS
THE NATURE
OF *LEGACY*,
MR. HIMURA.

HERE IS
THE MARK OF
MASUMUNE UPON
THE BLADE.

LIKE THE
WOUNDS I HAVE
LEFT ON THE BODIES
OF YOUR MEN. LIKE THE
TATTOOS OF YOUR
ENFORCERS. LIKE THE
MODIFICATIONS TO
MY OWN FLESH.

THESE ARE THE SEALS
AND NAMES AND STORIES
WE BEAR, TO SHOW WE
ONCE BELONGED TO
ANOTHER.

HIMURA! HIMURA,
ARE YOU IN THERE?
WHY DIDN'T YOU
ANSWER MY
MESSAGE?

I BROUGHT
YOUR, HA,
DELIVERY FROM
CHINA--FOR THE...
FOR THE...



...OH,
GOD.



YES,
LITTLE DEAD
MAN...

...OH, GOD,
INDEED.

LATER.

DRINK
THIS
WATER.

BUT YOU
DROWNED
A MAN IN
IT--

YES.

WHAT'S
YOUR
NAME?

ZHANG MIN...
FROM THE
FENGXIAN DISTRICT,
IN SHANGHAI.

I'M A
STUDENT, LI JING
IS A FARMER, XIU YING
WAS TRAINING TO BE
A NURSE--WE WERE
TAKEN, MEN, IN
VANS, THEY--

STOP.

TAKE WHAT YOU WANT FROM
THE TABLES. YEN, GOLD, DOLLARS,
JEWELRY--STUFF YOUR
POCKETS.

I WILL
SEE YOU TO
A HOSPITAL OR A
HARBOR, YOUR
CHOICE, BUT NO
FARTHER.

I WISH YOU
HAD LEFT THAT
ONE, HIMURA, *ALIVE*.
I WISH I HAD
BEEN THE ONE
TO--

LI, NO--

NO, NO,
YOU DO NOT WISH
THAT. YOUR ENTIRE LIFE
WOULD'VE BECOME HIM,
WITH HIS GHOST LIKE
A STAIN ON
YOUR SOUL.

GATHER
YOUR THINGS
AND COME
WITH ME.

OKUBO HOSPITAL.

I DID AS I SAID I
WOULD--THE GIRLS ARE
SAFE, AWAITING REUNION
WITH THEIR FAMILIES.

I HAVE WASHED MY
HANDS OF THEM.

OTHER MATTERS...
I *CANNOT* WASH
AWAY.



TOKYO.

THIS FACT WAS NOT HARD TO LEARN, FOR
WOLVERINE WAS NOT A SUBTLE MAN, AND
TONGUES WAG WHEN LEGENDS DIE.

OUTSIDE OF THE NEON AND NOISE, WOLVERINE
CULTIVATED A SMALL *CEMETERY* HERE,
AMONG THE PINES, HIDDEN FROM THE CITY--



AKIHABARA.

--OFTEN NOTHING MORE
THAN EMPTY GRAVES AND
MEMORIALS TO FALLEN
COMRADES...BUT, AT TIMES,
FALLEN *ENEMIES*, TOO.



EVEN IN DEATH,
I FEAR HE STILL
DEFINES ME.



MY ENTIRE LIFE HAS ALWAYS BEEN DETERMINED BY ANOTHER.

I WAS MY FATHER'S *WEAPON*, STRYKER'S *PUPIL*, SPIRAL'S *EXPERIMENT*, MADELYNE PRYOR'S *PLAYTHING*.

EVEN ANA CORTES *BOUGHT ME* AS EASILY AS THE YAKUZA BOUGHT THOSE GIRLS FROM CHINESE THUGS.

EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER DONE HAS BEEN IN SERVICE OF FINDING WOLVERINE...AND *KILLING HIM*.

BUT NOW HE IS DEAD, AND NOT BY MY HAND.

ALL THE MOMENTUM OF MY LIFE--*GONE*.

WITHOUT HIM TO HUNT, *WHAT AM I TO BECOME?*

WHY DID I HELP THOSE WRETCHED GIRLS?

WAS IT RECOGNITION THAT THOSE GIRLS, TOO, WOULD BECOME PLAYTHINGS, SCARRED BY THE CHOICES OF ANOTHER?

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TRAPPED IN THE WEB OF ANOTHER'S LEGACY--

--STAMPED WITH THE MAKER'S MARK OF ANOTHER'S AMBITIONS, LIKE THE TATTOOS ON YAKUZA, LIKE THE SIGIL ON A SWORD.

AT LAST, I AM FREE...

...AT LAST, I AM ALONE.

AND THIS DAMNED SWORD IS THE ONLY SHRED OF HONOR I CAN EVER RESTORE.

PERHAPS, IF THINGS HAD BEEN DIFFERENT, LOGAN, YOU WOULD HAVE RAISED A MEMORIAL TO *ME* HERE, ONE DAY.

IF YOU HAD REMAINED HERE, IF YOU HAD NOT LEFT SUCH A HOLE IN THE CESSPIT OF THIS UNDERWORLD, THOSE GIRLS WOULD NOT HAVE ARRIVED ON THESE SHORES TONIGHT.

YOU AND I WERE EVER THE DARK ECHO OF THE OTHER, THE INCARNATION OF THE PATH THE OTHER MIGHT HAVE TAKEN.

YOU, TOO, WERE A KILLER AND CRIMINAL, ONCE. WITHOUT YOU, WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE UNDERWORLD?

YOU DIED WHEN MY LIFE WAS IN DEBT TO YOURS. YOUR WORK WAS LEFT UNFINISHED...

...AND THAT WORK HAS PASSED TO ME.

I COULD BE A BETTER YOU THAN YOU EVER WERE.

HACHIKO SQUARE, TOKYO.

NOT FOR
DUTY. NOT FOR
LEGACY.

FOR MY
CHOOSING.

I WILL BE WHAT
YOU WOULD NOT.

I WILL BE THE
BLADE OF MY OWN
MARK AND MAKING.

I WILL BE THE
TROUBLE YOU
ONCE WERE IN
THE WORLD.

I LOOK OUT OVER THIS
CITY, WITH ITS SECRETS,
WITH ITS VIOLENCE,
WITH ITS WRETCHEDNESS
AND ITS CRUELTY,

AND OH,
I KNOW...

...EXACTLY
HOW TO
BEGIN.

**NEXT: THE LOGAN LEGACY
CONTINUES WITH DAKEN!**